

Olde Mad-cappes new Gally-mawfrey.

Made into a merrie messe of Minglemangle,
out of these three idle-conceited
Humours following.

- 1 *I will not.*
- 2 *Oh, the merrie time.*
- 3 *Out upon Money.*



AT LONDON
Printed for Richard Iohnes, neere St.
Andrewes Church in Holborne,
1602.



TO THE TRVE TOVCH OF WITTE, IN THE SPIRIT

of the best vnderstanding in a Gent'ewo-
man (worthie of much honour) Mistris

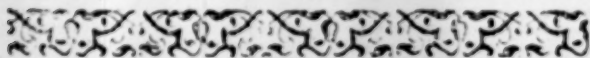
*Anne Breton, of Little Catthorpe
in Leicettershire, Nicho: Breton
witheth all eternall
happines.*

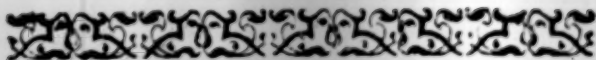


TH E much good that I know in you,
and the good that in your goodnesse
I haue receiued from you, makes me
willing to remember you, with this
small token of greater seruice that I
owe you: wherein, though there be
nothing worthy the accepting; yet
upon good consideration, it may be
you shall finde some thing, almost worthy the reading. The
humors in it are variable, but the intent aymeth at one
marke which is, the Nature of the best minde: In which, as
farre as I can, I haue played the merry Verser, I dare not
say, the Poet. But as it is, let me intreate you, in your kind-
ness, to accept it, in your good thoughts to grace it, at your
rare leysure to reade it, and in no wise to commende it:

A 2.

but,





THE EPISTLE.

but, to remooue a Melancholie, to looke vpon it; and when you haue done, to laugh at it : So, in thanks for your vnder-
serued good fauours, leauing my Verses to your good patience,
and my better Vertues to your commandement, I rest,

Yours in better seruice:

Nich. Breton,

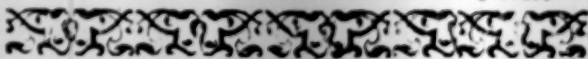
TO THE READER.



OV that haue good stomacks to digest any thing,
may happen to make awry with this Dish of Gallie-
man's trey; where, if every onersell be not mended so
fine, as may be swallowed without ebraving, be we
with hate in the wastie, and the meat will do we
young: To tell you what it is, be ye you haue tasted
it, may happen to make you the worse willing to muddle with it. To be
short, Pepper can bite and heat the mouth, and yet it may cure
the Colicke: so some Herbes may be bitter, and yet halflowe; and so
some Lye may better be meate, then taken: But all is one, & commend
it or discommende it, I will not; but referre it to the Worlds, to like it
or leaue it: and so in the humor of I will not, (I mean, be tedious)
I end.

Your friend,

N. B.





OLD MAD-CAPS
new Gally-mawfrey.

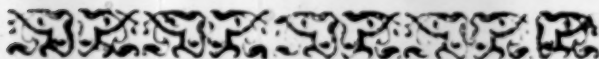
1. *Mad-caps* I will not.

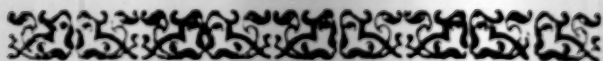
(mine,
MY wretched *thoughts*, ye wretched *thoughts* of
How shall my *soule* your secret *essence* see,
That thus with *passions* makes my hart to pine,
With *sorrows* force, too forcible for me!
But let me tell ye, whatsoe're ye be,
I will haue helpe for all mine *Agony*,
And tread vpon ye in your *Tyranny*.

I will not care for *Beauties* clearest light,
But shut mine *eyes* at such an idle looke,
Nor *Midas* treasure shall bewitch my sight:
I will not be with *Gold*, for God mistooke.
This *worlds* best *wisdom* is a wicked booke,
Whose greatest blisse shal neuer come aboard me,
Nor will I care, for what it can affoord me.

B

Youth



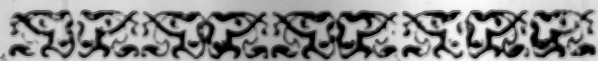


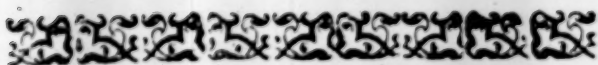
Olde Mad-caps

Youth, I will hold a posting kind of time,
Age, when it comes, a care that will not tary,
Honor, too high for quiet hearts to clime,
Love, but a bond of them that liue to marry,
Power but a charge for *conscience* to carry,
Time, but a course that neuer can be stayd,
And *Death*, a Bug-beare to make fooles afrayd.

What can I wish for may be worth my wishing,
But I were (almost) better be without it:
What can I fish for may be worth my fishing,
When I haue lost both hooke and line about it:
If ought auayle I greatly doubt it:
What should I worke for, when in fine I know,
My selfe and all, vnto the graue must goe:

No, no, my *thoughts*, content your selues awhile;
I know too well the tricks of all your trust:
Ye shall no more my beaten brayne beguile,
With seeking *Diamonds* in the *Sea-coale* dust.
The Canker take the treasure that will rust.
I haue no mind to any of your toyes,
That, in *Truths* iudgements, are mistaken ioyes.





new Gally-marfrey.

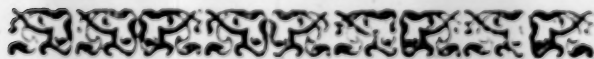
I will not learne to tell a shamefull lye,
Because the *Devill* is their damned Sire.
I will not vse my tongue to blasphemy,
For feare my *soule* doe find it in hell fire:
I will no place of wicked pride aspire,
For feare when I am at the height of all,
A slipping foote doe breed a break-neck fall.

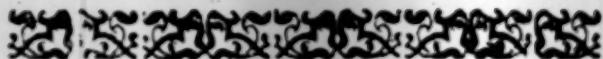
I will not weare a *Nose-gay* in my hat,
A *picktooth* in my mouth, *flowres* in mine eare,
Nor hunt the *Otter*, nor the *water-Rat*,
Nor haue an *Ape* sit nitting of my heare,
Nor runne betwixt the *Beareward* and the *Beare*,
The *Bull-dogge*, *Ban-dogge*, nor the *Puppits* play:
None of these thoughts shall throw my wittes away.

Nor will I learne to cogge and foyst a *Dye*,
Nor pull all day at a *Primero Card*:
Nor see a *Cocke*, to strike his spurre awry.
From all these thoughts I am by *reason* bar'd.
To follow play, I find the time too hard.
No, let me sit alone and keepe my stake,
While *winners* laugh, and *losers* hearts do ake.

B 2

I





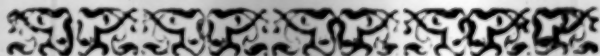
Olde Mad-caps

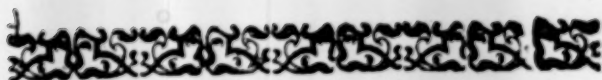
I take no pleasure in your sweete *perfumes*,
The open ayre is healthfull vnto *Nature*,
Which liueth long, while stuffed *sence* consumes
Both mind and body into many a creature:
Nor doe I loue a forced colour'd feature,
But playne and pure *milke-white* and *Cherry-red*:
These are the colours that are best in bed.

I loue no *leere*, nor *winke*, nor *wily looke*,
But *straight fore-right*, a penny in my face:
I loue to read in no vngodly booke,
For feare *instruction* breed me but disgrace:
I loue to plead in no vn honest case:
No, no, the world such wickednesse doth breede,
I know not (almost) what to *loue* indeede.

What doe I care to see a Swasher swagger,
With frounst *Mustachios*, and a staring eye:
Alas the day, I neuer saw a bragger,
But hardly scapes the *Begger* e're he dye,
If that the *Hang-man* put not out his eye.
No, no, I loue the ciuill kinde of iecture,
Right on and plaine, both in my looke and vesture.

What





new Gally-mawfrey.

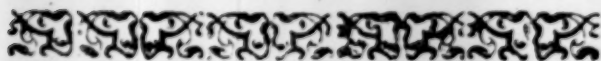
What care I at a Countrey *Wake* to see
A *Fidler* fumble on a wicked note?
Or in a *play*, what can it pleasure mee,
To see king *Pippin* in a paynted coate,
Or heare a fellow tell a tale by roate,
Or see a *boy* to play a *wench*'s part?
I cannot laugh at such an idle Arte.

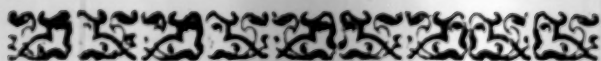
What if I chaunce to see a *wench* so paynted,
That not a *Plasterer* in the towne can mend it:
And if perhaps, her tutch withall be raynted,
Let them that be her secret friends, defend it:
I neither will defend it, nor offend it:
No, let her goe along with her disgrace,
I loue not her that weares not her owne face.

And if I see a *Miser* munching *Chuffe*
Furd with a *forest* round about his face,
Clinging his *clunsh-fist* in a *Calueskin cusse*,
And lace his *terkin* with a *letherne lace*,
Within a *Church*, to take a *Chauncels* place;
Let him goe sleep out all the *Sermon* while,
What doe I care for such a *lohn a stile*?

B 3

And





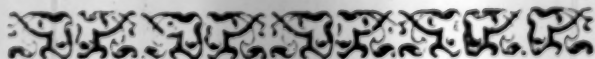
Olde Mad-caps

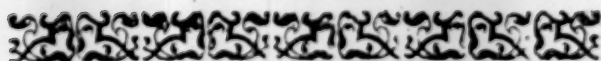
And if I see a crew of cunning *knaues*,
Laying ot plots to coozen *single wittes*,
Let them alone, and come not neere the *flames*,
They will be met with one day for their fits,
When that the *Hangman* by the *halter* sits.
Let the n not touch my pocket, nor my purse,
And let them hang, I neuer wish them worse.

What if I meet with Mistris *Fiddle-strings*,
That maketh twenty faces in a day:
I will not meddle with her *Aperne strings*:
My dare is out for plucking flowres in *May*,
Such idle *humours* I must throw away,
And say vnto my 'elfe, but what I see,
Such *prick me dainties* are to proud for me.

And if I meet a *finicall* fine youth,
That weares his best clothes on a worky day,
And makes a *legge* with yea for sooth, in truth,
And learnes to *lispe* and looke the tother way,
And knowes not well vpon what ground to stay:
Alas poore fellow let the *foole* alone:
What should I care for eyther *Iohn* or *Ione*?

And



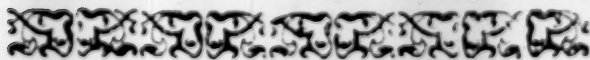


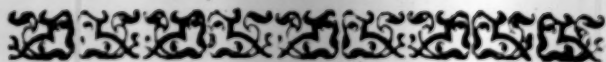
new Gally-matfrey.

And if I meet a Mistris *wide-mouth'd Malkes*,
 And see her slauer like a filthy slut,
 And marke her when with *John a Nods* she walkes
 Into the *wood*, to learne to crack a *Nut*,
 I will not teach a *Sparrow* to keepe *Cut*.
 Let them goe tumble till their bones be weary:
 Why should I trouble them vwhen they are merry?

Away with all vnprofitable *humours*,
 Your *huffe* and *snuffe*, and *swagger*, *swear* and *swill*,
 The fruites v hereof are but vngracious *rumours*,
 That hateful *mis* condemnes of heedlesse *wil*,
 Which hunteth after nothing else but ill.
 Fye, fye vpon them all, I care not for them,
 And blest are they, that in their hearts abhorre them.

What, shall a blessed *beautious virgins* face
 Beget a wicked *humour* in mine eye?
 Shall *Reason* so much runne into disgrace,
 As so to yeelde to *Natures* vil any?
 If she be faire, must I be soule ther by?
 No, no, my *thoughts*, I'le quickly turne the case,
 I'le haue as fayre a *soule*, as she a *face*.





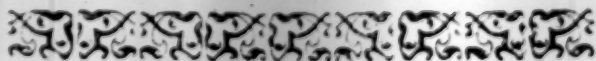
Olde Mad-caps

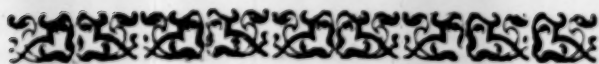
Come not to me with an odde coyned *leſſ*,
Or prittle prattle of a *puddings skinne*;
For *leſſ*s are ſtale, and *leſſ*ers at the beſt,
Vnto the beggars are too neere a kinne,
And idle prates I haue no pleaſure in:
Tell me of ſomewhat that may doe me good,
And neuer hide your heads within my hood.

Speake you of *Newes*? tis oddes they be not true;
And if they be, pray God they be not ill:
But good or ill, if that they be too newe,
I pray you in your *ſilence* keepe them ſtill.
For too much *ſpeech* doth prooue to little ſkill:
But for all *newes*, vntil the truth be knowne,
Rather heare *twenty*, then report of one.

Is there a *wench* within your idle walke?
Well, let her walke, I will not heare of her:
I doe not like of ſuch ill *humour'd* talke;
I can your *ſilence* to ſuch talke preferre:
And my *Conceits* to better cares referre.
Mine *eyes* grow dimme, *eares* deafe, and *ſences* dull,
I care not for a *ſheepe* without her *wooll*.

Tell





new Gally-mawfrey.

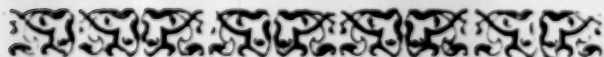
Tell not me of a *horse*, nor of a *hound*,
The *lades* will kicke, and *Dogs* will fizzle all:
Nor tell me of a *song*, nor of a *ground*,
I haue no *humour* to bee *musficall*;
Nor tell me of a vaine *Poeticall*:
Verses are growne so common & so course,
They bring but small *reuenue* to the *purse*.

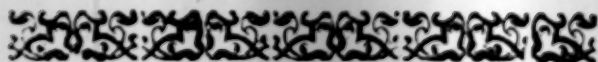
Tell me not of a *coate* of *cloth* of *gold*,
Or *silke* and *silver*, *pearle* and *precious stone*,
Tis tea to one the *fashion* will not hold,
Besides, a *Prince* should by such *robes* be knowne;
And though the *world* to a mad *passie* be growne,
I will content me with good home-made *cloth*,
That hath no *harine*, but onely by the *mash*.

Tell not me of a *dainty dish* of *meate*,
When *payson* may be stolne into the *broth*,
Nor in my *Napry* how to be too neate,
I can content me with cleane *lynnen* cloth,
And take my *drinke*, and blow away the froth,
Looke in my *purse* to answer my *expence*,
And make a *vertue* of *experience*.

C

Tell





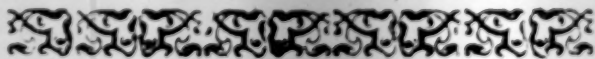
Olde Mad-caps

Tell not me of a pleasant *cup* of *Wine*,
And *Suger* to it: what is that to me?
That drinking smack shal touch no tongue of mine.
Wine, *Beere* or *Ale*, I care not which it be:
I loue the *dyet* that fits my degree:
If it wil wet, and coole and quench my thirst,
I care not who be last, so I be first.

It may be, yee will thinke I loue a *pie*
Of *spice* and *plummes*, but truly tis not so,
My diet stands not vpon *Spicerie*.
To *Beefe* and *Mutton* can good *stomacks* go.
Hunger is the best *sauce* that I do knowe.
Tis good for yong fine wiues that be a lust,
To long for *plummes*, and *pies*, and *pasticrust*.

A *Tit-mouce* roasted, and a *Sparrowe* stewde,
Is meate for such as eate for fashions sake.
And *Beere* or *Ale*, of running water brewde,
Is good for them that feare the belly-ake,
And *crustie bread*, or a hard *Bisket cake*,
These are trimme *viſtuals* for some *stomacks* feeding,
But such fine diet is not for my breeding.

Tell



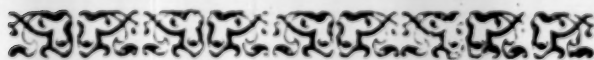


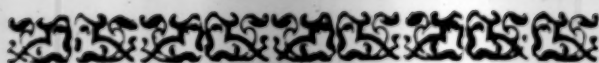
new Gally-mawfrey.

Tell me not of a fine and daynty *booke*,
A *Spanish slipper*, or an *Irish spurre*:
Giue me a *shoe* that well may fit my foot,
I care not for a *buskin* made of furre,
Tis good for those that euer feare the *murre*:
Giue me a *shoe* or *boote* to keepe me dry,
I care for no *santasticke foolery*.

Tell not me of a new-found peece of *stusse*,
That scarce will last a *minute* of an *houre*,
Nor of a strange conceited *Muffe* nor *Ruffe*,
That may beleeeme a *Swashers Paramoure*.
I do not care to sit in *Venus* boure.
Cost is but lost that is so ill bestowd,
And *had I mist*, is but a *foole* bestowd.

Bid mee not keepe my *money* in my *purse*,
And pay no debts, let beggers lye and starue:
I doe not meane to get my selfe a curse,
With scraping for that may the present serue:
I will not so from honest *reason* swarue:
Let carelesse mindes their *conscience* forget,
I thinke it is a *hell* to be in debt.

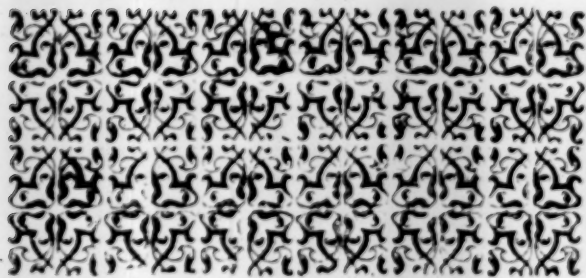




Olde Mad-caps new Gally-mawfrey.

Yet will I neuer count of *coyne* but drosse,
And wish it but for necessary vse,
To answere fortune in a froward crosse;
And to auoyd the cunning of excuse,
When lacke of faith might fall into abuse:
For in respect of *Loue*, I care not for it:
And as for *Avarice*, I doe abhorre it,

2. Mad-caps



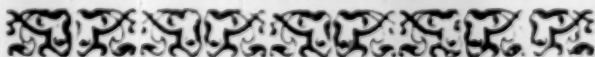
2. *Mad-caps* Oh the
merrie time.

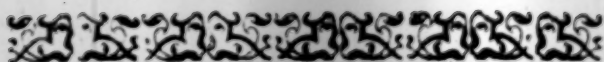
OH where is now that goodly golden time,
When gold was counted but a needfull drosse,
And Reason sought but by desert to clime,
While few or none that feared gayne or lesse,
When patience bare the brunt of euery crosse,
And no man lou'd his neighbour to an end,
But once and euer, say and hold a friend:

When one might haue a hundred egges a groate,
And for three halfe pence, halfe a strike of Rye,
And for a shilling make him selfe a coate,
To keepe him warme, & many a Winter drye
And for a farthing, a good pudding pie,
A good olde drawing lade for halfe a crowne,
And forty pence the best Cow in a towne:

C ;

VWhen





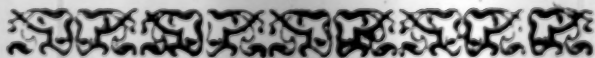
Olde Mad-caps

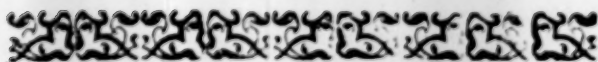
When youth would serue for *meat & drinke* and *clavis*,
And weare their best clothes but on *Holydayes*:
And in a yeere you should not heare an *othe*:
When *Tut* and *stoole-ball* were the *Summer* playes,
And *buffets* made no sword and buckler frayes.
No *puntos* nor *soccados* were not knowne,
When *Iohn* had nought to doe but with his *lone*.

When fine maid *Marian* in a *Moris* daunce,
Could bride it like a *millers* ambling *Mare*,
And euery *blew-cote* by his *Cognisance*,
Made all the Countrey know whose cloth bee ware:
And euery *Farmer* kept good household fare,
And not a rich man would a begger rate,
But he would giue him almes at his gate:

VWhen *pride* did teach no *Princocks* to goe gay,
Nor *Pricke me daintie*, picke her fingers ends,
Nor *lust* could take the *virgines* loue away,
Nor *bee-delesse wits* were carelesse of their friends,
Nor *blessed spirits* fear'd accursed fiends.
But *honest wits* so neere to wisedome came,
That nothing almost could be out of frame:

When



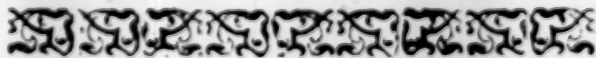


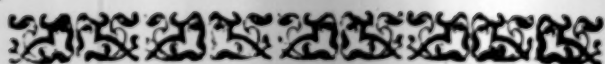
new Gally-marfrey.

VVhen Mistris *Fubs* that *Fiddle saddle fuffe*,
 No colours knew to mend her coorse complexion,
 Nor *Prancking Parnel* like an idle *puffe*,
 Could gulla a *Nymph* with an imperfection,
 But euerie *Schole-boy* knowes his *Interiection*,
 And had by heart a better part of *speech*,
 Then make a full point only in a *Breech*:

When swearing *Swapskin* could not swash it so,
 But euerie *Mule* could point him for an *Ass*,
 Nor munching *Miser* could so closely goe,
 But men could note him for an *Owlglasse*,
 And make him hatefull whereto' re he was.
 And not a *whore*, but is so wee begone her,
 That all the Countrie would crie out vpon her:

When *faieth* and *truth* was found in *yea* and *nay*,
 And words of wisedome had their worthy weight,
 When *Sunne-shine beames* did make the blessed day,
 And euerie stalke did beare her *flower* full streight,
 And such as saw them, ioy'd to see their height,
 And euerie *Bird* was bush't within the spring,
 When all were husht, when *Philomen* did sing:





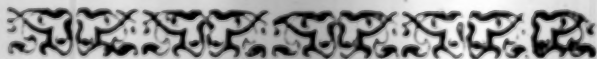
Olde Mad-caps

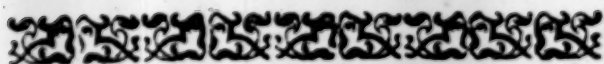
When all the day, the *Connies* kept their *burrowes*,
And not a *Lambe* was troubled with a *worme*:
The fearefull *Hare* was squat amid the *furrowes*,
Till feare or hunger made her leaue her *forme*,
And season'd *Shepheards* neuer fear'd a *storme*:
And youth and beauty liu'd like *Turtle Doves*,
VVhen age would not be angry at their *loues*:

When *Nymphs* and *Muses* sweetly kept the woods,
And olde *Hob-goblin* kept within the caues:
The *Farmer* sought not for his neighbours goods.
But *Sam* and *Samkin* were the merry slaues,
That danced *Trenchmoore* on their graundfirs graves:
And *Su* and *Sib* would trip it on the toe,
As if they knew not on what ground to goe:

When *curds* and *creame* were such a dainty dish,
As made the *Louers* lick their lips for ioy:
And youth as mery as their hearts could wish,
When *Cupid* was so kinde a hearted boy,
As neuer wrought a blessed thought annoy,
But gracious *Spirits* were so well agreed,
That *truth* was faire on euery face to reed:

When





new Gally-mawfrey.

When Ale, and Beere was once olde English wine,
And Beefe, and Mutton was good Countrie cheere,
And bread and cheefe would make the *Miller* dine:
When that an honest neighbour might come neere,
And welcome: Hoh maide, fill a pot of Beere,
And drinke it soundly in a wooden dish,
When waggies were merrie as their harts could wish:

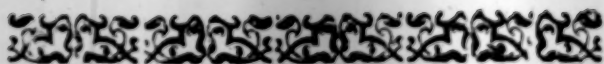
When not a *Pedler* walk't without his packe,
And not a *Tinker*, but did sound his panne,
And euerie *Trades-man*, by What do you lacke?
And euerie *Tapster*, by his wooden canne:
And by his dealing euerie honest man:
And euerie wife, was by her husband knowne,
And then it was a blessed world alone,

When *Susan Sowre-face*, that would sit and powt,
For all the parish, was a pointing stocke:
And *Lazy Lobkin*, like an idle lowte,
Was made no better then a washing blocke:
While the good husbands, that maintaynde the stock,
And laide vp closely for a raynie day,
Were they, that kindly bare the bell away:

D

When





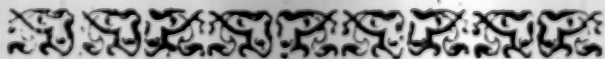
Olde Mad-caps

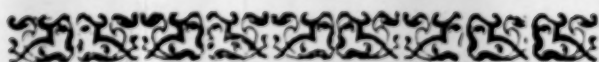
When no man kept a dogge but for an vse,
The *Mastife* chiefly, for to hunt a hogge,
The *Hound* to hunt the *Hare* out of her mewse,
And for a piece, a fetching water-dogge,
Or for to beate a *Foule* out of a bogge.
A *Horse* to beare as easie as a cradle,
And not to kicke, nor sling out of the saddle:

When *maidens* wink't to see a Hen a treading,
And carefull *Widdowes* caried honest mindes,
And *Brides* would blush to heare but of their bedding,
And *humours* would not alter with the windes,
But *love* was it, that *faith* for euer bindes,
And *pitch*, and pay, and take, and trie, and trust:
When hearts were hatefull that were found vniust:

The word of *connicatching* vvas not heard,
The praetise vvas so seld or ne're in vse,
And *vertues* grace, vvas chiefly in regard,
When *iustice* gaue redresse for all abuse,
Vvhile care of *conscience* suffered no excuse.
But *iudgement* cut off vvicked vvilfulnesse,
Or *mercy* vvrought repentance happinesse:

Then





new Gally-mawfrey.

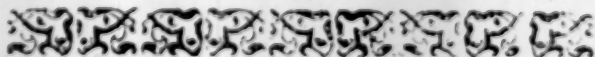
Then *honest husbands* had the merrie liues,
That saw their *children* well brought vp at schoole,
And ioy in heart to see their *honest wiues*,
Seldome or neuer, from their *spinning stoole*,
When none was idle, but was held a *foole*.
And he, nor she, could iustly be offended,
When all amisse could quickly be amended:

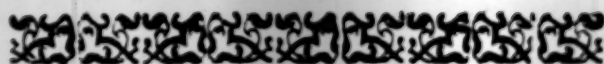
When *vsurers* were counted but as *Iewes*,
And *Parasites* did goe in painted coates,
And *whores* and *drabs* were kept but in the *stewes*,
And *Cuckowes* might be sounded by their notes:
While *Farmers* mixt no *Rie* among their *Otes*,
But euerie *Eare* could shew what corne was sowne,
And euerie *wife* was by her *husband* knowne:

When *Huswiues* lou'd to talke of *home-made cloth*,
The *fine euen threed*, and of the kindly whiting,
And how to kill the *can'cr* and the *Moth*,
And of my *childrens reading* and their *writing*,
And of mine *Vncles* eldest *sonnes* inditing,
As well in *prose*, as pleasing *Countrie-rime*,
And chat, and worke, for feare of losing time:

D 2

When





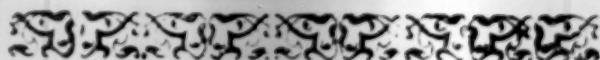
Olde Mad'caps

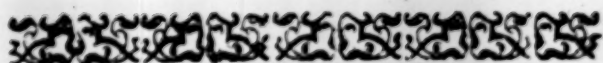
When men would meet on *Sundays* at the *Church*,
With true *devotion*, not for *fashion* sake:
When *cunning wit* would giue no *foole* the lurch,
But in each cause, a kinde of *conscience* make,
And with indifferent hand both giue and take:
While all things were so common among friends,
That good beginnings made as blessed ends:

When *maidens* sate and neatly milkt their *Cowes*,
And *Lambs* and *Rabbiss* skipped vp and downe:
And little children marched with their bowghes
In a *May* morning to a market towne:
And *Batschellers* gaue *wenches* a greene gowne:
And smouching *yonkers* gaue the *gyrle* a kisse,
When all was wel, where nothing was amisse:

When *Cake* and *Pudding* was no simple feast,
And dealt about in bittes like *holy bread*,
And ripe yong *Rooks* were taken in the nest,
While *Ruth* and *Rachel* did the *Rye* loafe knead:
When *Kit* would smile to see *cacke Sparrowes* tread,
And *Pipe* and *Taber* made as merry glee,
As at a *May-pole* one would wish to see:

When





new Gally-mawfrey.

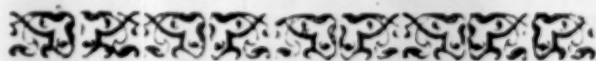
When *Bride-cups* with their dainty gay *Bride-laces*,
The *Bachelers* with such a grace would carry,
And *maidens* follow with such mincing faces,
As would allure a man halfe madde to marry:
And not a *wagge* nor *wench* without *Rosemary*,
A *Nose-gay*, *Napkin*, and a paire of *Gloves*,
There were the orders of the *ancient lones*:

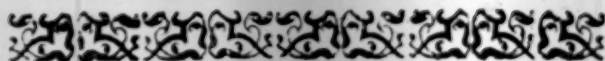
When the *olde folkes* went mannerly before,
And the *young people* kindly followed after,
The *parents* held the *basen* at the dore,
T'one for my *sonne*, the other for my *daughter*:
When all the *Churchyard* might be ful of laughter,
And *seruice* done, the *youth* on euery side,
Would runne to meet the *Bridegroom* with the *Bride*.

When going home, in order as they went,
The *Fidlers* played before them all the way:
And not a *maide* that had her *aperne* rent,
Her face cleane washt, and had not a cleane *stay*,
Her *shoes* well blackt, was held a *slut* that day.
When *plummes* and *pies* would fill the belly full,
And *sappy ale* made many an addle skull:

D 3

When





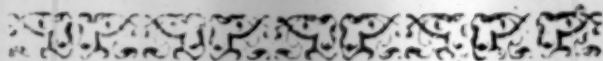
Olde Mad-caps

When many a *Lad* would lift the leaden heele,
And daunce vntill he swet, and dropt againe,
And winde his *wench* about him like an *Eele*,
And tosse and turne her like a lustie *swaine*,
While *harmeles hearts* were in a merrie vaine:
And then a *posset*, and a *spiced cup*,
And so good-night, to make the matter vp:

When *sheepes-eyes* winking first began the wooing,
And *hearts* and *hands* did set on *fath* and *trot*,
And then the matter was not long a dooing,
When it was needeleffe to deuise an *oth*,
And for *apparrell*, good plaine *home-made cloth*.
Shee in her *haire*, and he in that he had,
Thus was the *Lasse* contented with the *Lad*.

He had his fathers *harrowe*, and his *plowe*,
A yong *gray Fillie*, and a *curtold Mare*,
Shee had her *Mothers blessing* and a *Com*,
A *milke-pail*, and some *woodden dayrie-ware*,
A *sutch of Bacon* for good household fare.
He had a *Cottage* and a faire backe-side:
And so did liue the *Bridegrome* and his *Bride*:

VWhen





new Gally-marfrey.

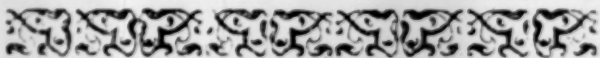
When scarce they had beene married fiftene houres,
But he would to his worke, she to her wheele,
And then looke what's my neighbours, what is ours,
And *carde*, and *spinne*, and wind vpon the reele,
And mixe the *iron* kindly with the *steele*,
And keepe some *corne* to fill the *emptie sacke*,
For feare the begger catch them by the backe:

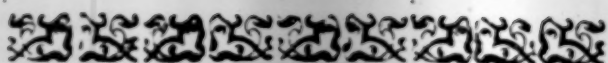
Worke all the weeke for a good *Sundayes dinner*,
And then as merrie as the day was long,
When they might well afford their *drinke* the thinner,
If that the meate did make the *porridge* strong,
And all was *right*, where nothing did go *wrong*.
But *Sim* and *Sib* so louingly agreed,
That then it was a *loning world* indeed.

When hunger was the sauce for euerie meate,
While early rising did good stomacks make,
And labour was the bath to make men sweate,
One with a forke, another with a rake:
When *Tom* would worke a vie for *Susans* sake.
And he that sung and whistled at the cart,
With hay, and ho, did beare the merrie heart:

D 4

When





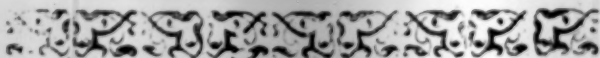
Olde Mad-caps

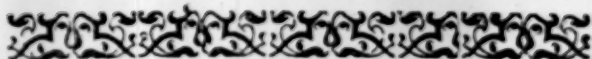
VWhen *Gammere Widgiue* would not lose a *Lamb*;
And *Goodwife Goose* would see her *Chickens* fed,
And *Mother Midwife* kindly where she came,
With merry chat would bring the *wife* a bed,
And take the *childe* and softly close the head:
Then take the *babe* and bring it to the *mother*,
God make you strong, to vvorke for such an other:

When good *olde tales* were in the *Chamber* tolde,
And not a man that might anewst come neere:
But euery one, as well the *young* as *olde*,
Might be content with all their hearts to heare,
And *Ale* and *Nutmegs* made the merry cheere:
Then take the *babe*, and to the *father* bring it,
And he must kisse it, while the *nurse* doth sing it.

And then, good Lord, how like the *father* tis,
Now God Almighty blesse it, pretty soule;
And euery *gossip* giues the *childe* a kisse,
When hearty welcome fills the *Wassell-bowle*,
And tongues well tipt, tell merrily to trovle.
And if (by chance) the little *Infant* smile,
Then kisse, and crye, God blesse my pretty *childe*:

When





new Gallymansfrey.

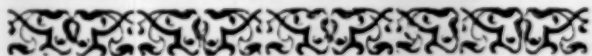
When at a *Buriall*, bring him to his *Grave*
With a few *Flowers* strowde on his *Winding sheete*:
And, make no more adoe, but let him haue
One knot tyde at his *head*, one at his *feete*,
And, cry a little when our kinred meete:
But in a while, the *Carkas* would be rotten,
And, by that time, the *Man* would be forgotten.

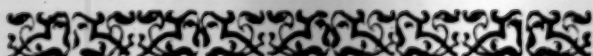
When was no speach of *Diamond* spirit sparkes,
That mount vp higher, then a man can see:
Nor, in a *Candell* roasting legges of *Larkes*:
Nor, painting faces with a new found blee,
When honest hartes were from ill humours free:
And *Wood*, and *Earth*, would as good liquor holde
As purest *Plate* of *Siluer*, *Pearle*, or *Golde*.

Oh when a man, might stand amid his groundes,
And see his *Cattle* feeding round about him:
And keepe him selfe so close within his boundes,
That if he heard an idle fellow floute him,
It pleas'd his soule, to thinke to liue without him:
And yet withall, in *charitie* to pray,
Vnthristie wittes would take a better way.

E.

When





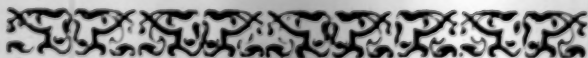
Olde Mad-caps

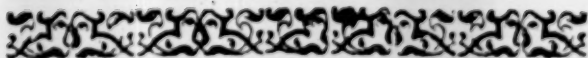
When *honest mindes* would neuer bear their braines
To fetch out wordes a mile about the *Moone*:
Nor frame their *Wittes* to loote a worlde of paines,
To make a *morning* of an *after noone*:
Nor wayte too long, nor yet to wish too soone:
Put worke their *Willes* and *Wittes* together to,
As met the winde where euer it could blow.

Strange Wordes were *Riddles* vnto *simple eares*,
New Fashions, *Follies* vnto *Wisedomes eyes*:
And *saythfull hartes*, were voyde of idle seares,
While true *Plaine meaning* taught no *Pollicies*:
For till the *Poets Figures* did deuise
To make men stuer till their *braines* were mad,
Trueth was much more in estimation had,

Oh when mens *Hartes* lay bare vpon their *Brestes*,
While *Wordes* and *Deedes* were all one in effect:
And *wicked Humours* were not turn'de to *lestes*,
When *Honor* had to *simple Trueth* respect,
And *Wisedome* would *ungracious thoughtes* reiect,
And *Loue* was loue for *Loue*, and not for *Gain*,
Then was the *World* in a true *Golden vaine*.

Then





new Gally-mansfey.

Then was not borne that wicked *Machauile*,
Whole *Rules* haue metaphormol'de many a *minde*.
Nor *Truth* would stande to study out a *stile*
That were too high for *honest wisses* to finde.
Nor *Cunning trickes*, the *Carefull eye* would blinde:
But when the *young* did speake, the *hart* would prooue
Truth was the *substance* of the speech of *Loone*.

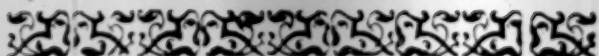
Then was (in deede) that true *Nobilitie*,
That had respect to nothing but it selfe:
When no infection in *Gentilitie*
Could gull the *minde* with greedines of *pelfe*:
Nor suffer *Cupid* play the *pecuiss* else,
Nor *Venus* pride, to match with *Vulcans* *Crosome*,
Nor wicked *Midas* steppe in *Mars* his roome.

Then, was the *Sheepe* knowen easely by his brand,
Cow by her lowe, and by his *barke* the *Dogge*:
The *neighbour* iustly measur'de out his land,
And helpe to pull his *Horse* out of the *bogge*:
No *Titles* trade about a *Timber-logge*,
But rather loose it, then to goe to *Law*,
To spende a *Sheafe* of *Corne* about a *Straw*.

E 2.

And





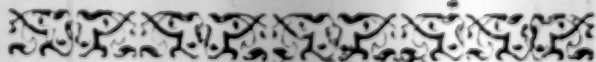
Olde Mad-caps

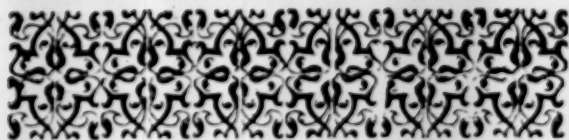
And then was *Law* the onely *rule* of *Lone*,
Where many *harts* agreed all in one:
And carefull *Conscience* did in *Concord* proue
The *blessed* life of such an vnion:
When *Grace* with *Pride* could not be ouergon,
But humble, milde, and modest smiling eyes,
Made the *Worlde* seeme a kinde of *Paradise*.

But some will say, All those *good* dayes are past:
Well, let them goe: as *good* may come againe:
Time goes apace: but runne hie, nere to fast,
He may be ouertaken in the plaine.
Such as haue *Golde*, are in the *golden* vaine,
While that the *poore* must champe vpon the bit,
And *Fooles* must fret, because they haue no wit.

Hee that hath *Money*, may do many things,
Yet all, as good as nothing, in the ende.
And he that wantes, knowes what the *spirit* wringes,
That goes to heau'ne, to seeke to finde a *friende*,
While all in vaine, doth hee his *spirit* spende,
That thinkes on *Earth* is any daintie hony,
But that which *Arte* distilleth out of *mony*.

Oh





MAD-CAPS

Out vpon Money.

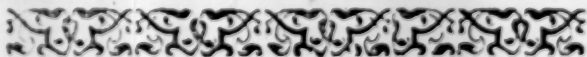
O H *Money, Money*, tis a *Monarch* such, (bee:
As makes men know not what the selues may
It makes the *churle* his *neighbors* good to grutch
And selles the *Plant* before it be a *Tree*.

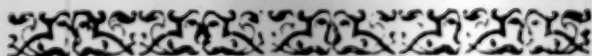
And makes the *Miller* through a *Mil-stone* see
More cunning, towling in a *Strike* of *Rie*,
Then can be found out by the *Farmers* cie.

It makes a *Wench* as tawnie as a *Moore*,
To seeme as *saire*, as shee were *red* and *whighte*.
It makes a *Rich man* make him selfe as *poore*
As hee that were not scarcely worth a *Mighte*:
It makes a *Cowarde* quarell with a *Knight*:
Yea, and sometime, to giue him such a blow,
As all his *strength* doth wholly ouerthrow.

E 3.

It



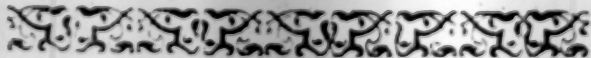


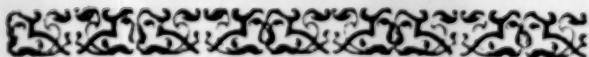
Olde Mad-caps

It makes a *Rascall* in his *rogish pride*,
To thrust his *Nose* at ran loim in the *winde*:
And brings a *Groome* a wooing to a *Bride*,
That scarce would wish to let him looke behinde,
Nor take a *Trencher*, till her *Dogge* had dinde:
And yet that *Subject* of all thoughts disgrace,
Shall put a *handsome Stripling* out of place.

Why? *Money* puts a *Foole* into some *Wit*,
And makes a *Wise man* wary of his *will*:
And puts on *Roast-meate* on the *Beggars Spit*:
And makes a *Bungler* learne a better skill,
Then take a *Trade*, and live by *losses* still.
Why, *Money* such a power in *Mallice* beares,
As sets a *World* together by the *ears*.

But, what of this? Be *Money* what it can,
Tis but a kinde of purified *droffe*:
The ouerthrow of many an *honest Man*,
That hath not *patience* to endure a *Crosse*,
While one mans *gaue*, doth breed an others *losse*:
And therefore let them loue it that haue *store*,
I would but haue to vse it, and no more.





new Gally-mawfrey.

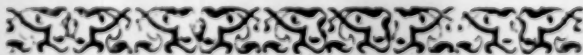
Is there no *God*, but *Golde*? nor *good*, but *gaine*?
All *Siluer* *Sau. &c.* what must high *worship* haue?
Is there no *Grace*, but in the *Golden* *uarne*?
Where, either be a *King*, or be a *Slave*?
No, tis not *Fooles*, which *Fortune* so to shauē:
Tis *Vertue* onely brings the truest *wealth*,
Though *Money* may do well, to maintaine *health*.

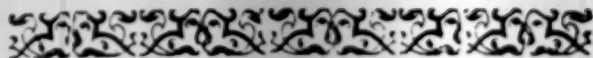
What *reason* is there *Beautie* should haue blame,
For getting *Money* out of *others* handes?
Or why should *Money* haue till a name,
To lappe a *spend-thrift* in *worthlesse* bandes?
Why, *Money* is, a *Monarch* ouer *landes*,
And must be *sued* too, when a *Man* doth lacke,
Or els perhaps be put into a *Sacke*.

Alas poore *Money*, how hee is misus'de:
And yet I see not who can be without him:
I neuer came yet where hee was refus'de,
But *Cappe* and *Curtsey*, all that came about him:
And hee that wantes him, all the *world* wil flout him:
And though some haply finde him *idle* talke,
Yet if hee haue no *Money*, hee must wake.

E 4.

Yet





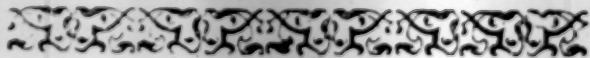
Olde Mad-caps

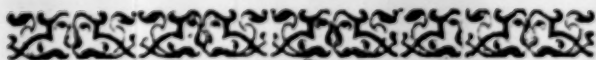
Yet be it fit for neuer so *good vses*,
Heede must be taken in the getting of it:
For, against *Law*, there can be no excuses,
When *Iustice* doth in sacred *Iudgement* sit,
And knowes what is for all offences fit:
And therefore better tis for to abhorre it,
Then come before a *Iudge* to answere for it.

No, let no *minde* that meanes to liue at rest,
Goe further for his good, then *Law* will guide him:
But, in the *meane*, to thinke that *musique* best,
That doth not let too high *straines* ouer-ride him,
Least true *Musitians* happen to deride him:
Vpon ynough, it is ynough to looke,
And what is more, is quite beside the booke.

Proffie doth well, but *Honestie* is better:
But, both doth well, and parted much amisse:
Each *sence* is not according to the letter,
The *trueth* in deede in the *construction* is,
Where *Wit* may finde, that *Will* not walke amisse,
In the true iudgement of *Discretions* eyes,
A man may be both *wealthy*, *kinde*, and *wise*.

But,





new Gally-mawfrey.

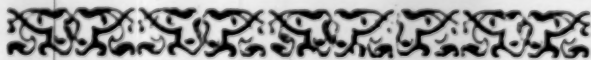
But, since it is so hard a thing to doo,
To gather *Wealth* with perfect *Honestie*:
It is so strange a thing to come vnto,
With men of onely *Worldes* capacite:
Let me but labour for *Necessitie*,
Feede, cloathe, and keepe the *Begger* from the dore,
Pay that I owe, and I desire no more.

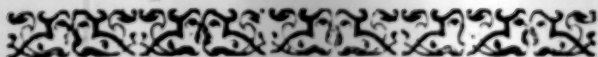
For, let the *Greedy-minde* gape after *Pelfe*,
Hee may be choaked when his *throat* is full:
The *Slippe* may runne vnhappy on a *Shelfe*,
That little doubted, when it lay at *hull*:
What is the *Sheepe* that neuer lost his *Woolle*?
Or what is hee, that must not leaue his *Golde*,
How deepe to euer hee his *Treasure* holde?

Vngodly *Drosse*, why should it so be-witch
The *minde*s of men, to take away their *minde*s,
As in too many that are too too *rich*?
Where *Catching-spirites* *Auarice* so blindes,
As in their *Bagges*, their *begger* comfort bindes:
Oh hatefull *Coyne*, that can inuent such euill,
As so from *God*, to sende men to the *Deuill*.

F.

But





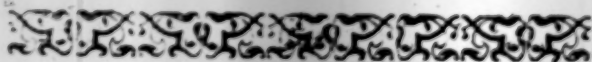
Olde Mad-caps

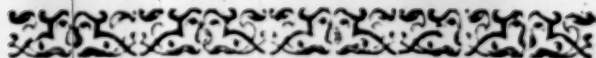
But yet I thinke, I haue my selfe mistaken,
Tis but the use, that makes it good or ill:
In an ill since it ought to be forsaken:
But in a good, it helpes a forward will:
Then as I sayd, it is a blessed skill,
So to conceiue, perceiue, to take and vse it,
That *Wit* may haue no Reason to reuile it.

For he that lookes vpon a *World of Wealth*,
May hapbe *Subject* to this bagidge crosse:
And when he thinkes on that *ungodly stealth*,
That makes a gaine of many a *thousandes losse*:
It may be to his *Com'ort* such a *Crosse*,
That he would wish for *Iob* his *pouertie*,
Rather then *Dines* *superfluitie*.

But let each *Conscience* commune with it selfe,
And put off *Passions* with *Discretions* care:
I leaue the *Scraper* to his *scratching pelfe*,
And, with the *honest* *wealthy* all *wellfare*:
And, to my selfe but an *indifferent share*,
That when *Good fortunes* lots doe kindly fall,
I might haue *some*, although my *some* be small.

But





new Gally-mawfrey.

But *Wistlers*, *Wise-men* say, are idle *woulders*,
And *wish* and *would*, is worth but *little ware*:
And they, that are no better knowne *householders*,
Doe oft at *dinner*, keepe their *Table bare*,
Where *emptie dishes* giue but hungry *tate*:
And therefore let them *wish* for *Wealth* that *list*,
I'le play the *foole* no more with *Had-I-wist*.

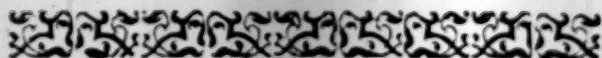
What I can *get*, or *keepe*, or *kindly sine*,
That's *up* with *fincs* well *got*, and well *spent*:
A little *Spade* will make a *Great mans Grane*:
And, hee *lines* *happie*, that can die *content*:
And, hee *accursed*, that is *passion rent*
With *griefe*, and *seare* to loose their *comfortes* heere,
And lacke the *toyes* that to the *soule* are *deere*,

But, let it goe; for tis a *perious thing*
For many a man almost to *meddle* withall:
It makes some *dunce* within a *wicked Ring*,
When that the *Thiefe* doth from the *Gallows* fall,
And doth the *Wittes* of many a *minde* entall:
So that in *fine*, since such it is I see,
Let them that *list*, gape after *Golde* for mee.

F 2.

And



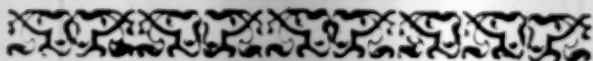


Olde Mad-caps

And seeke the *treasure* of the *Spirites* wealth,
Where no *Corruption* enters with *Infection*:
But *Holy-love* maintaines the truest health,
And keepe the *Sences* in their best *perfection*:
While *Fayth* is fed, but with the *Soules* affection:
And in that *Treasure* to repose my trust,
Which can not faile, nor with the *Canker* rust.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for
Richard Iohnes.
1602.



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